

HARWELL 1275 50

THE  
Cotton Field  
MELODIES.

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# COTTON • FIELD MELODIES.

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## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
Tis summer, the darkies are gay,  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright ;  
By-'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door—  
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh ! weep no more to-day,  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the bill, and the shore ;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight—  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

CHORUS.—Weep no more, my lady, &c.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend  
Wherever the darkey may go ;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar canes grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load—  
No matter, 'twill never be light ;

A few more days till we totter on the road.

Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.—Weep no more, my lady, &c.

### GOOD OLD JEFF.

'Tis just one year ago, 'to-day,

That I remember well,

I sat down by poor Nelly's side,

And a story she did tell;

'Twas about a poor old darkey, Jeff,

That lived for many a year,

But now he's dead and in his grave,

No trouble does he fear.

#### CHORUS.

For good old Jeff has gone to rest,

We know that he is free—

Disturb him not, but let him rest

Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along

Into an open field,

And then she paused to breathe awhile,

Then to his grave did steal;

She sat down by that little mound,

And softly whispered there—

"Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,"

Then gently dropped a tear.

CHORUS.—For good old Jeff &c.

But since that time how things have changed—

Poor Nelly, that was my bride,

Is laid beneath the cold grave sod

Down by her father's side.

I planted there upon her grave

The weeping-willow tree,

I bathed its roots with many a tear,

That it might shelter me.

CHORUS.—For Good old Jeff, &c.



LILY DALE.

Tw'as a calm, clear night, and the moon's pale light  
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,  
When sad-hearted friends stood around the death-bed  
Of my poor, sweet Lily Dale!

CHORUS.

O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale!  
Now the wild roses wave o'er her little green grave,  
'Neath the trees in the blooming vale!

Like a fair flower white, on that sad, still night,  
Swept by some icy gale.  
On her couch of snow, in her beauty bright,  
Lay my dear, sweet Lily Dale!

CHORUS.—O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

"I go," and she smiled, as we wept o'er the child,  
"To that sinless, happy vale,  
Where a kind hand shall wipe all pain from the brow  
Of your poor, dear Lily Dale!"

CHORUS.—O, Lily! pale Lily! sweet Lily Dale! &c.

The moon went down 'neath the forest brown,  
And the stars grew dim and pale,  
And the death smile wreathed the white, cold lips,  
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale!

CHORUS.—O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

Where the flower's bloom o'er her lonely tomb,  
'Neath the trees of the leafy vale;  
Sweetly sleepeth in peace, while the bright birds sing  
My loved, my dear Lily Dale!

CHORUS.—O, Lily! pale Lily! lost Lily Dale! &c.

---

Johnson, what is next to an oyster? I do not know. Why, the shell to be sure.

## I LONG FOR MY HOME IN KENTUCK.

I long, how I long for my home in Kentuck,  
 With its fields where I labored, so green,  
 Where the possum and the coon, and the juicy wild  
 duck,  
 And the 'baeco so prime, I have seen :  
 There I've fished from the banks of the Masella creek  
 And oft, in the shade of the night,  
 Have I watched with my gun, nigh the old Salt Lick,  
 For the game as it come to my sight.

CHORUS.—There is my old cabin home,  
 There is my sisters and brother,  
 There is my wife, joy of my life,  
 My child, and the grave of my mother.

That hut, my dear home, my log-cabin home,  
 With the benca that I stood at the door,  
 Where weary at night, from my work I would come,  
 And there rest. ere I stepped on its floor.  
 The calabash vine, that then clung to its walls ;  
 Oh ! 'tis dear in my memory still to me,  
 And my master, who lives in his own handsome halls  
 Not so happy as then I could be.

CHORUS.—There is my old cabin home, &c.

But that cabin is far, far away from me now.  
 I am far from the scenes that I love,  
 Far away from that wife who once heard me vow  
 That forever I faithful would prove—  
 My friends are still there, and still there is my child,  
 And still there, all in life, I most crave—  
 Still there is that mound, with its flowers so wild,  
 That covers my old mother's grave.

CHORUS.—There is my old cabin home. &c.

---

Why are the pimples on a man's face or nose, like  
 the engravings of a newspaper? Because they are the  
 illustrations of punch.

## WILL NO YALLER GAL MARRY ME ?

All the gals are getting married, dropping off on every side—

Ah, I fear too long I've tarried, seeking, sighing for a bride—

Seeking, sighing for a bride;

Listen now, all darkey beauties, I am handsome as you see—

Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me ?

I could get a weeping widow almost any day, of course,  
Or a lady rendered single, by a—by a late divorce !

But I want a pretty rose-bud, full of fun and full of glee—

Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me ?

Oh ! in pity, don't deny me, let me end this weary life ;  
I could swim the wide Atlantic, could I thereby gain a wife ;

I'm in earnest, I am pleading here upon my bended knee—

Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me ?

*Slow.*

All is over, I am married, what a hasty fool was I—

Where's the end of all creation ? let, oh, let me hither fly—

Help ! oh, help me, Mister Lawyer, cut the rope and set me free,

I will sell myself forever, if you will unmarry me !

What one letter in the alphabet will spell the word potatoe ? The letter O, put them down one at a time until you have put eight o's.

Why is a leaky barrel like a coward ? Because it runs.

## TAKE ME HOME.

Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,  
 To the Sweet sunny South, take me home,  
 Where the mocking bird sung me to rest every night—  
 Ah! why was I tempted to roam!  
 I think with regret of the dear home I left,  
 Of the warm hearts that sheltered me then,  
 Of the wife, and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft,  
 And I sigh for the old place again.

## CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep,  
 Poor massa lies buried close by,  
 O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep,  
 And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow  
 To my cot in the evergreen shade,  
 Where the flowers on the river's green margin may  
 blow  
 Their sweets on the bank where we played.  
 The path to our cottage they say has grown green,  
 And the place is quite lonely around,  
 And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen,  
 Now lie deep in the dark mossy ground,

CHORUS.—Take me home, &c.

Take me home, let me see what is left that I know—  
 Can it be that the old house is gone!  
 The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few  
 And I must lament all alone.  
 But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,  
 Where my children have played at the door,  
 Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished  
 the earth  
 Which will echo their footsteps no more.

CHORUS.—Take me home, &c.

---

Why would a spider be a good correspondent,  
 Because he drops a line by every post.



## SHE'S BLACK BUT THAT'S NO MATTER

My Dinah, dear me, she's as beautiful quite,  
 As a star that shines calmly at the close of the night.  
 A voice like a siren, a foot like a fay—  
 "She just such a gal you don't meet every day."

*Spoken.*—But she's black !

*Chorus.*—I know she is, but what of that,  
 You'd love, could you look at her;  
 I'd have her just the way she is,  
 She's black, but that's no matter.

She lives on the banks of a bright-flowing stream,  
 In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,  
 Surrounded by roses, and woodbines, and leaves,  
 "That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves.

*Spoken.*—But she's so very black !

*Chorus.*—I know she is, &c.  
 If ever I marry this dark color'd maid,  
 You'll believe in the truth of what I have said ;  
 I love her because her complexion will keep,  
 "And they say that all beauty is only skin deep."

*Spoken.*—And she's black !

*Chorus.*—I know she is, &c.

## SALLY PRIMER

I courted Sally Primer, a little while ago ;  
 I thought we were exactly matched,  
 But found it was no go ;  
 I told her I would hang myself if she didn't  
 marry me—

She, smiling, turned to me, and said :  
 Marry you !—why, no "sir-ee."

*Chorus.*—Lovely Sally, charming Sally,  
 Do not treat him so,  
 For if you do he'll go and drown,  
 Or shoot himself, I know.

I took my Sally walking out, one pleasant afternoon  
And down Broadway we went so gay,  
To Taylor's new saloon.

• I read the "bill of fare," and asked, What  
will you have, my dear?

She eat three stews with six ice creams,  
And a quart of lager beer.

*Chorus.*—Lovely Sally, &c.

To make her presents, I went and pawned the coat  
from off my back,

And when she'd got them all, she took  
And then gave me the sack,

They say she's got another "beau," and sweetly  
smiles upon him,

But if he ever marries her

May the Lord have mercy on him.

*Chorus.*—Lovely Sally, &c.

---

### THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,  
And he chattered away with glee, glee, glee;  
As he watched the farmer come out to sow,  
Says he, This is all for me, for me!

#### CHORUS.

Look! look! how he scatters his seed all round, round,  
round,

He is wonderful kind to the poor, poor, poor,  
Who'd empty it down in a big pile on the ground.

We could find it much better I'm sure, I'm sure.

I have watched all the tricks of this wonderful man  
Who has such regard for the crow, the crow,  
He lays out his grounds in a regular plan,  
And plants all his corn in a row, row, row,

*Chorus.*—Look! look! &c.

He must have a very great fancy for me,  
 For he has tried to entrap me enough, enough,  
 But I've measured the distance as well as he,  
 And when he comes, I'm off, I'm off.  
 CHORUS.--Look ! look !--Caw ! caw ! &c.

### POOR OLD JESSEY.

Old Jessej once was young like us,  
 Could hear the nation well,  
 But now he's passing away from us,  
 Like the dew-drop on the hill.

Then pity poor old Jessej,  
 And wipe the tear-drop from your eye,  
 For Jessej's going to leave us soon  
 And in the ground to lie.

Old Jessej's hair is grey and long  
 Like the moss upon the tree,  
 And his teeth dropped out of the old jawbone,  
 But soon he will be free.

CHORUS.--Then pity poor old Jessej, &c.

Old Jessej can't play his old banjo,  
 His fingers are stiff and sore,  
 They tremble so the bones do crack--  
 He'll play--no--never more.

CHORUS.--Then pity poor old Jessej, &c.

He used to go out in the oyster-boat,  
 Far, far away from shore :  
 But he never will go out again--  
 Echo answers, nevermore.

CHORUS.--Then pity poor old Jessej, &c.

## THE ROSE OF ALABAMA.

Away from Mississippi's vale,  
 With my old hat there for a sail,  
 I crossed upon a cotton-bale  
 To Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! Brown Rosey, Rose of Alabama.

A sweet tobacco posey is the Rose of Alabama.  
 I landed on a sandy bank,  
 I sat upon a hollow plank,  
 And there I made the banjo twank  
 For Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

Oh ! after d'rec'ly, bye-and-bye,  
 The moon rose white as Rosey's eye ;  
 Then like a young coon out so sly,  
 Stole Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! brown Rosey, &c.

The river rolled, the crickets sing,  
 The lightning-bug he dashed his wing,  
 Then like a rope my arms I fling  
 Round Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

I hug so long I cannot tell,  
 For Rosey seemed to like it well ;  
 My banjo in the river fell,  
 Oh ! Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

Like an alligator after prey,  
 I jump'd in, but it float away.  
 But all the time it seem'd to say,  
 Oh ! Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.



And every night, in moon or shower,  
To hunt that Banjo for an hour,  
I meet my sweet tobacco flower,  
My Rose of Alabama.

*Chorus*.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

### SOMEBODY'S IN DE HOUSE WID SUSEY

Come, darkies, listen to dis song.

Dat I is a gwine to sing ;

It will not take me berry long.

I'll tell you about my ole gal Sue.

*Chorus*.—Oh Sue !

She's gwine to night wid me to de ball.

If you'll come dar too, I'll introduce you all.

Somebody's in de house wid Susey ;

Somebody's in de house I know ;

Somebody's in de house wid Susey ;

A playing on de ole banjo,

Go way, black man ; don't you come a nigh me.

I'll hit you wid de broom if you bodder wid me.

Somebody says, dat Cesar don't like me—

Hands off ! black man, please to let me go

She went an' took a little walk,

Arter dat we had some talk—

She said she lub'd me wid forty horse power.

I took her for better or for worse dat hour.

Oh ! Sue !

I took her for better, but 'twas worse for me.

'For she proved worsen than I took her for to be.

Somebody in de house, &c.

## ROSA LEE OR DON'T BE FOOLISH, JOE.

When I lived in Tennessee,

U-li, a li, o-la, ee,

There lived, too, sweet Rosa Lee

U-li, a li, o-la, ee.

Eyes as dark as winter night,

Lips as red as berry bright.

When first I did her wooing go,

She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe!

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,

Happy then in Tennessee,

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,

'Neath the wild Banana tree.

My story yet is to be told,

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,

Rosa one day caught a cold,

U-li, a li, o-la, ee.

Sent for doctor, sent for nurse.

Doctor came, and she grew worse.

I tried to make her smile, but no,

She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe!

U li, a-li, o-la, ee,

Sad was I in Tennessee,

U-li, a li, o-la, ee,

'Neath the wild Banana tree.

They gave her up, no power could save,

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.

She whispered, Follow to the grave.

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.

I took her hand, 'twas cold as death,

So cold, I scarce could draw my breath,

She saw my tears in sorrow flow,

Then said, Farewell, my dearest Joe!

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,

Rosa sleeps in Tennessee,

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,

'Neath the wild Banana tree.

# WE ARE COMING, SISTER MARY.

On a stormy night in Winter,  
 When the winds blew cold and wet,  
 I heard some strains of Music  
 That I never can forget.  
 I was sleeping in the cabin  
 Where lived Mary, fair and young,  
 When a light shone in the window,  
 And a band of singers sung :

*Chorus.*—We are coming, sister Mary,  
 We are coming bye-and-bye ;  
 Be you ready, sister Mary,  
 For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,  
 But my tongue would not obey  
 Till the song in strange land ended,  
 And the singers flown away.  
 Then I woke her from her slumber,  
 And told her ev'ry thing—  
 But I could not guess the meaning  
 Of the song I heard them sing.

*Chorus.*—We are coming, &c.

When the next night came, I heard them,  
 And the third night too they sung,  
 While I sat beside the pillow  
 Of my Mary fair and young,  
 As I watched I heard a rustling,  
 Like the rustling of a wing,  
 And beside my Mary's pillow,  
 Very soon I heard them sing :—

*Chorus.*—We are coming, &c.

Then again I called my Mary,  
 But my sorrow was complete,  
 For I found her heart of kindness  
 Had forever ceased to beat ;

And I now am very lonely,  
 From Summer round to Spring,  
 And I oft, in midnight slumber,  
 Seem to hear some one sing :—

*Chorus.*—We are coming, &c,

### EPHRAIM'S LAUREL.

Come, darkies, listen to dis song, dat I is gwine to sing,  
 It will not be so berry long, but 'tis de berry thing,  
 'To make you start an' ope your eyes, an' like a bull-  
 frog croak,  
 For when you see dis darkey cry, you'll know his  
 heart is broke.

#### CHORUS.

Oh ! Ephraim's heart is broke ; oh, Ephraim he must  
 die,  
 He thought her love was in her heart ; 'twas only in  
 his eye,  
 Oh ! Ephraim's heart is broke, oh, Ephraim he must  
 die,  
 De gal will soon come back again, and to your arms  
 will fly.

My Cloc was de lubliest gal in all Virginny state,  
 She was de flower ob ebby ball, de star dat ruled  
 my fate ;  
 She say, for me her lub no change, do all de niggers  
 tease her.  
 'Thro' fields an' woods wid dem to range, 'specially  
 dat nigger Cæsar.

*Oh ! Ephraim's heart, &c.*

Upon her truth I did rely, an tink she change no  
 nebber,  
 She say, for me she'd sooner die, dan her lub from  
 me to sebber ;  
 But wid my heart she only play, like angler wid de  
 fishes,  
 Wld nigger Cæsar she run away, while I was washin'  
 dishes !



## DEAREST MAE.

Now, darlings, come and listen, a story I'll relate,  
 It happened in a valley in the old Carolina State.  
 It was down in the meadow I used to make the hay;  
 I always work the harder when I think of lovely Mae.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, you're lovely as the day,  
 Your eyes so bright, they shine at night,  
 When the moon am gone away.

My massa give me holiday, I wish he'd give me more,  
 I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my boat from  
 shore,  
 And down the river paddled, with a heart so light and  
 free,  
 To the cottage of my lovely Mae, I long'd so much to  
 see.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

On the bank of the river, where the trees they hang so  
 low,  
 When the leaves among the branches play, and the mist  
 he keeps below,  
 Oh! there is the spot, and Mae, she looks so very sweet,  
 Her eyes they sparkle like the stars, and her lips are  
 red as beet.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

Beneath the shady old oak tree, I've sat for many an  
 hour,  
 As happy as the little bird that sports among the  
 flowers;  
 But, dearest Mae, I left her: she cried when both we  
 parted,  
 I gave her a long and farewell kiss, and back to massa  
 started.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

My massa then was taken sick, and poor old man he  
 died.  
 And I was sold, way down below, close by the river  
 side;

When lovely Mae did hear the news, she withered like a flower,  
 And now lies low, beneath the tree where the owl hoots  
 every hour.  
 CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

---

### SALLY WEAVER.

As I went out one summer's day,  
 I took my gun to shoot some game,  
 I met a gal upon de way,  
 And Sally Weaver was her name,  
 Her eyes dey glared so bright and clear,  
 De lightning-bugs dey could not shine :  
 I went and whispered in her ear—  
 "My lubly Sal, will you be mine ?"

#### CHORUS.

Oh, Ise gwan down de river,  
 My skiff is by de shore,  
 So so, farewell, my Sally Weaver,  
 I'll neber see you more !

I took her to de fancy ball,  
 And danced wid her 'till brake ob day ;  
 She was so big, she was so tall,  
 De niggers all stood out de way.  
 I treated her to good clam soup,  
 And water-millions quite a few ;  
 And when de whiskey all drink'd up,  
 Both Sal and me was very blue !

Oh, Ise gwan down, &c.

I went down to her massa's place,  
 To ask him could she be my wife,  
 But fust he slap me in de face,  
 And den he say he take my life !  
 So Sal and me we laid out a plot  
 To leab de diggins mighty soon :

We went and took an old flat boat,  
And started by the light ob de moon.

Oh, Ise-gwan down, &c.

De boat it leaked, and Sal she cried,  
For fear she'd to de' bottom go :  
She hugged up closely to my side,  
And wanted to be put ashore.  
De boat went down, and Sally too !  
De gal she swim jist like a 'stone !  
Ise wretched den with grief and weep,  
For Sally she was dead and gone !

Oh, Ise gwan down, &c.

---

### OH LUD GALS.

Here I am as you diskiver,  
All de way from roaring river ;  
Here I cum, as you must know,  
For to play de ole banjo.

CHORUS.—

O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco,  
O lud gals, fotch on de whiskey,  
My head swims, and I feel a little tipsy.

Way down by de Indian Nation,  
Dar's pretty little gals from de wild goose nation,  
My wife's dead, and I'll get annudder,  
Pretty little yaller gal jest like the todder,

O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c.

Ole Massa Miller goes out a preaches,  
'Bout de world coming to pieces,  
An if you want to do what's right,  
Ge an join de Millerite.

O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c.

## NEW MEDLEY.

CHORUS.—*Music selected.*

Oh, thunder, we'll astound you,  
 With a medley wild and drear,  
 With wonder we'll confound you,  
 So pray you lend an ear.

*Air: Settin' on a Rail.*

As I walked out by de light of de moon  
 So merrily singing dis old tune,  
 I came across a big racoon,  
 A settin' on de rail.

CHORUS,

Settin' on a rail, settin' on a rail,  
 Settin' on

*Air: The Irish Emigrant's Lament.*

De rail, Dinah, where we sat side by side,  
 Way down in old Virginny, lub,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 De coons were prancing here and dere,  
 And de darkies dancing round,  
 Oh, den, what happy times we pass'd,  
 On old Virginny's ground  
 Oh, den, what happy times we pass'd,  
 On old Virginny's ground.

CHORUS.

I'm sitting on de rail, Dinah,  
 Whar we sat side by side,  
 Way down in old Virginny, lub,  
 When first you were my bride.



*Air : Jim Crack Corn.*

If you should go in de summer time,  
To South Carolina's sultry clime,  
And in de shade you chance to lie,  
You'll soon find out de blue tail'd fly.

CHORUS.

Jim, crack corn, I don't care,  
Jim crack corn, I don't care  
Jim crack corn, I don't care  
For Massa's gone—

*Air : We're all Here.*

To de ball, at de assembly, he went de other night,  
He danced dere and shuffled dere, wid locomocrons  
might.

I danoed to my partner, and den to Lucy Long  
Till de husband of dat lady said —

*Air : Rosa Lee,*

When I lived in Tenisee,  
U la la, la oh la e,  
I went courting Rosa Lee,  
U la la, la oh la e,  
Eyes as dark as winter night,  
Lips so red and teeth so white  
When first I did a wooing go  
She said—

*Air : Uncle Ned.*

I once knew a darkey, and dey call'd him Uncle Ned,  
But he died long ago, long ago,  
He had no wool on de top of his head,  
On de place whar de har ought to grow,  
Den lay down de shovel and de hoe,  
Hang up de fiddle and de bow,  
No more hard work for poor old Ned,  
He's gone whar de good darkies go.

## HAVE A LITTLE DANCE.

I'll sing you now dis good old song,  
 And then I'll sing another,  
 Old massa's gwine dis arternoon,  
 To call upon his brodder ;  
 Den wait a-little while, my boys,  
 Till he gets out ob sight,  
 We'll drop de shovel and de hoe.

*Spoken* : What for ?

To have a little dance to-night.

*Chorus* : We'll have a little dance to night, boys,  
 To night, boys, to night, boys.  
 We'll have a little dance to night, boys,  
 An' dance by de light ob de moon.

I like de cambric handkerchief,  
 I like de beave. hat ;  
 Oh, hand me down my high-heel boots,  
 Likewise my silk cravat.  
 De niggers dey am grinning,  
 Au' dar teeth looks very white,  
 We'll go across de mountain, boys,

*Spoken* : What for ?

To have a little dance to night.

*Chorus* : We'll have a little dance to night, &c.

I rises at de broke ob day.  
 To take my morning walk,  
 I meet my lubly Julian,  
 And dis de way we talk ;  
 I says, "You are my own true love  
 You are my heart's delight,  
 Will you go over de riber dis evening?"

*Spoken* : What for ?

To have a little dance to night.

*Chorus* : We'll have a little dance to night, &c.

### FARE THEE WELL, KITTY DEAR.

I saw the smile of evening die,  
In beauty on a southern sky ;  
And as I marked that fairy scene,  
So mild, so lovely, and serene,  
A strange wild sound, yet sweet and clear,  
Entered like thee I chanced to hear.

*Chorus*.—Fare thee well, Kitty dear,  
Thou art sleeping in thy grave so low.  
Never more, Kitty dear,  
Wilt thou listen to my old banjo.

'Tho' Afric's son that strain awoke,  
A language to my soul it spoke,  
That seemed my restless thought to quell,  
And hold me captive to its spell ;  
How much of feeling deep and strong,  
Was blended in that artless song :

Fare thee well, &c.

'Tho' years since then have rolled away,  
'Tho' the echo of that simple lay  
Came o'er me when with care oppress'd,  
And soothing my troubled heart to rest ;  
Nor will I, till my latest hour,  
Forget the magic of its power.

Fare thee well, &c.

Why is a saw-filer like a dentist ? Because they  
both set teeth.

# GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT.

Camptown ladies, sing dis song,  
 Du da, du da.  
 Camptown race-track five miles long,  
 Du da, du da da.  
 Go down dar wid my hat caved in.  
 Du da, du da.  
 Come back home wid pocket full ob tin,  
 Du da, du da da.

Chorus : Gwine to run all night,  
 Gwine to run all day,  
 I'll bet my money on the bob-tail horse  
 Somebody bet on de bay.

Woolley Moon came on de track  
 Du da, du da.  
 Beh he fling him ober his back.  
 Du da, du da da.  
 Runnin' along like a shootin' star,  
 Du da, du da.  
 Runnin' a race wid de rail road car.  
 Du da, du da da.

Gwine to run all night, &c.

De bob-tail horse he can't be beat,  
 Du da, du da.  
 Runnin' around in a two mile heat,  
 Du da, du da da.  
 I win my money on de bob-tail nag.  
 Du da, du da.  
 An' carry it home in de ole tow-bag,  
 Du da, du da da.

Gwine to run all night, &c.

Dars fourteen horses in dis race,  
 Du da, du da.

I'm snug in saddle, an' got good brace,  
Du da, du da da.  
De sorrel horse he's got a cough,  
Du da, du da.  
An' his rider's drunk in de ole hay loft,  
Du, da, du da da.  
Gwine to run all night, &c

NELLY WAS A LADY.

Down on de Mississippi floating,  
Long time I trable on de way.  
All night de cotton wood a toting,  
Sing for my true lub all de day.

*Chorus* : Nelly was a lady :  
Last night she died,  
Toll de bell for lubiy Nell  
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,  
Can't tote de cot'on wood no more ;  
Last night, while Nelly was a sleeping,  
Death came knockin' at de door.  
Nelly was a lady, &c.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,  
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,  
Seemed like de light ob day a dawning,  
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.  
Nelly was a lady, &c.

Close by de margin ob de water,  
 Whar de lone weeping willow grows,  
 Der h'd Virginny's lubly daughter;  
 Dar she in death may find repose.  
 Nelly was a Lady, &c.

Down in de meadow mong de clober;  
 Walk wid my Nelly by my side,  
 Now all dem happy days am ober,  
 Farewell my dark Virginny bride.  
 Nelly was a lady, &c.

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### OH, SUSANNA.

I see come from Alabama with de banjo on my knee,  
 I'm gwine to Louisiana my true lub for to see.  
 It rained all night the day I left, the wedder it was dry,  
 De sun so hot I froze to deff, Susanna don't you cry.

#### CHORUS AND RÉPÉAT.

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,  
 I see come from Alabama,  
 With de banjo on my knee.

I jump'd aboard de telegraph an trabell'd down de ribber  
 De 'lectric fluid magnified and killed four hundred niggers  
 De bulgine bust, de horse run off, I really thought to die,  
 I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna don't you cry  
 Oh, Susanna, &c.

I had a dream de oder night, when everything was still,  
 I thought I saw Susanna a coming down de hill,  
 De buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her  
 eye,  
 Says I, I'm comin' from de Souf, Susanna, don't you cry,  
 Oh, Susanna, &c.

I'll soon be down in New Orleans and den I'll run around  
 An if I see Susanna, I'll fall upon de ground.  
 But if I do not see her, this darkey 'll surely die,  
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry.  
 Oh Susanna, &c.

---

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.



OLD BOB RIDLEY.

A possum sat in a simmon tree,  
A lookin' cunnin' down at me ;  
I took a rock, all on the sly,  
And I hit him zip right in the eye !

Old Bob Ridley, Oh !  
Old Bob Ridley, Oh !  
Old Bob Ridley, Oh !  
How could you fool dat possum so ?

CHORUS,

Oh ! boys, come along and shuck dat corn,  
Oh, boys come along to de rattle of de horn,  
We'll shuck and stug till de coming of de morn,  
And den we'll have a holiday.

I took him down to Polly Bell,  
Because I know she'd cook him well ;  
She made a fry, and she made a stew,  
An' a roast, an' a brile, an' a barbecue !

Old Bob Ridley, } (Two times)  
Oh ! Oh ! }  
Why didn't you let dea folks know ?

When 'twas done I gin'a call,  
An' here come in de niggers all ;  
We trowed de dogs de head and feet,  
An' had a plenty left for us all to eat !

Chorus : O boys, come along, &c.

Old Bob Ridley, } (Three times)  
Oh ! Oh ! }  
We never have hear of de like before !

Chorus : O boys, come along, &c.

Old master say he never see  
A possum half so fat as he !

We eat, and we danced, and we eat all night,  
But we could'nt eat him all fore de moruin  
light.

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
{ Oh ! Oh ! }  
{ New do you tell dese darkies so ! }

Chorus. O boys, come along &c.

I got a half a dollar for his skin,  
On which, next night, we frolic'k again,  
And dat made Polly love me well,  
An' a mighty purty gal was Polly Bell !

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
{ Oh ! Oh ! }  
{ De next time we'll be sure to go. }

Chorus : O boys, come along, &c.

Oh ! Polly's lips, dey look so sweet  
When she has somefin nice to eat ;  
Dat possum's fat, an dat possum's hide,  
Dem was de fings made Polly my bido.

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
{ Oh ! Oh ! }  
{ Polly is de Belle of de old banjo ! }

Chorus : O boys, come along, &c.

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## NANCY TILL

Down in the cane-brake, elose by the mill,  
There liv'd a yellow girl her name was Nancy Till;  
She knew that I lov'd her, she knew it long,  
I'm going to serenade her, and I'll sing this song.

CHORUS.

Come love, come, the boat lies low,  
She lies high and dry on the Ohio;  
Come love, come, the boat lies low,

She lies high and dry on the Ohio;  
 Come love, come, wont you go along with me;  
 I'll take you down to Tennessee.  
 Come love, come, wont you go along with me,  
 I'll take you down to Tennessee.

Open the window, love, O do,  
 And listen to the music I'm playing for you:  
 The whisp'rings of love, so soft and low,  
 Harmonise my voice with the Old Banjo.

CHORUS.—Come, &c.

Softly the easement begins for to rise.  
 The stars are a shining above in the skies;  
 The moon is declining behind yonder hill  
 Reflecting its rays on you my Nancy Gill.

CHORUS.—Come, &c.

Farewell, love, I must now away.  
 I've a long way to travel before the break of day.  
 But the next time I come, be ready, love, to go,  
 A sailing on the banks of the Ohio.

CHORUS.—Come, &c.

"Sam, I saw a cane in South America more than a mile in length."

"A cane! why what kind of cane?"

"Why, a *hurricane*, to be sure."

Why is a true and faithful friend like garden seeds? Because you never know the value of either until they are put under ground.

What is it that is white, and black, and red all over? A newspaper.

Why is a baker shop like a druggist? Because they both sell *poison* things. (pies and things.)

## OH BOYS, CARRY ME LONG.

Oh! carry me 'long;  
 Der's no more trouble for me:  
 I's guine to roam  
 In a happy home.  
 Where all de niggas am free.  
 I've worked long in de fields;  
 I've handled many a hoe:  
 I'll turn my eye,  
 Before I die,  
 And see de sugar cane grow.

chorus.—Oh! boys, carry me long;  
 Carry me till I die,  
 Carry me down  
 To de bury in' ground,  
 Massa, dont you cry.

All ober de land  
 I've wandered many a day,  
 To blow de horn  
 And mind de corn  
 And keep de possum a way.  
 No use for me now  
 So dark eyes bury me low:  
 My horn is dry,  
 And I must lie  
 Wha de possum nobber can go.

chorus.—O, boys, carry me long, &c.

Fare well to de boys  
 Wid hearts so happy and light,  
 Dey sing a song  
 De whole day long,  
 And dance de jubba at night.  
 Fare well to de fields  
 Ob cotton, 'baoco, and all:  
 I's guine to hoe in a bressed row  
 Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.

chorus.—O, boys, carry me long, &c.

Fare well to de hills,  
 De meadows covered wid green,  
 Old brindle Boss  
 And de old grey hoss  
 All beaten, broken and lean.  
 Fare well to de dog  
 Dat always followed me round,  
 Old Saneho'll wail  
 And droop tis tail  
 When I am under de ground.

CHORUS.—O, boys, carry me long, &c.

### GAL WID DE BLUE DRESS ON.

Now, white folks I'll sing to you,  
 About my dearest Dinah;  
 Oh! she's de gal dat stole my heart,  
 Way down in Alabama.  
 She was tall an slender 'bout de waist,  
 An beautiful as Venus,  
 Ob all de gals I eber did see,  
 She was de greatest genius.

#### CHORUS.

Den give me de gal wid de blue dress on,  
 Dat de white folks call Susanna,  
 She stole my heart and away she's gone,  
 Way down in Alabama.

Oh! she had eyes just like de dove,  
 An a foot like de jiraffum,  
 An when she rolled dem eyes at me,  
 I thought I'd die a laffin.  
 But when my lub did promenade,  
 De people would stop what saw her;  
 She was de nicest gal dey eber did see,  
 Except de great Victoria.

Den give me de gal, &c.

I took my lub to a ball last night,  
 An' when we went to supper,  
 She fainted, an' ober de table fell.  
 An' stuck her head in de butter.  
 Dey used camphene to fetch her too;  
 But den it was too later;  
 A turkey leg run in her eye.  
 As she checked to death wid a tater.  
 Den give me de gal, &c.

### LOUISIANA BELLE.

In Louisiana dats de state,  
 Whare old massa eber dwell,  
 An' he hab a lubly colored gal,  
 Called de Louisiana Belle.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, boys, don't you tell;  
 Don't tell massa, don't you tell;  
 Oh, Belle, Louisiana Belle,  
 I'm going to marry you, Louisiana Belle.

Up to de ball de oder night,  
 I cut a mighty swell,  
 Dancing de poker and widgeonping  
 With dat Louisiana Belle.  
 Oh, Miss Belle, &c.

Twig dat Dandy Jim of Caroline,  
 Oh, twig de nigga swell,  
 Trying it on so monstrous fine,  
 Wid dat Louisiana Belle.  
 Oh, Miss Belle, &c.

Der's fuss de B and den de E,  
 Oh yes, and de double LL,  
 Poke an' L' on end ob dat,  
 And you hab Louisiana Belle  
 Oh, Miss Belle, &c.



## MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Round de meadows am a ringing,  
 De darkeys mournful song,  
 While de mocking bird am singing,  
 Harp am de day am long.  
 Where de ivy am a creeping,  
 O'er de grassy mound,  
 Dare old massa am a sleeping,  
 Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

## CHORUS.

Down in de corn field  
 Hear dat mournful sound:  
 All de darkeys a'n a weeping,  
 Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
 When de days were cold,  
 'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
 Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now de orange tree am becoming,  
 On de sandy shore,  
 Now de summer days am coming,  
 Massa nobber calls no more.

CHORUS.—Down in de corn field, &c.

Massa made de darkeys love him,  
 Cayse he was so kind.  
 Now dey sadly weep a bave him,  
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.  
 I cannot work before to morrow;  
 Cayse de tear drop flow,  
 I try to drive away my sorrow  
 Pickin on de old banjo.

CHORUS.—Down in de corn field, &c.

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I love the silent watches of the night, as the  
 thief said when he robbed the jewelry store.

## MY VALLEY HOME, GOOD BYE.

The sun from 'hind the hills was peeping,  
 All nature was so bright and gay,  
 The merry birds were nimbly leaping  
 With joyous bounds from tree to tree.  
 Such was the morning that I parted  
 From all on earth I held most dear—  
 My parents, though near broken-hearted,  
 Would try my gloomy thoughts to cheer.

## CHORUS,

My valley home, good-bye, good-bye,  
 I'll ever think of thee—  
 A stranger I must live and die,  
 My home I'll never see.

My valley home, I loved it dearly,  
 No other home I wish to see—  
 Oh ! but to part from it did grieve me ;  
 It sheltered me in infancy.  
 My parents dear, I left them weeping,  
 'Twas sorrow choked their last farewell—  
 Before I die could I but greet them,  
 Oh ! then I would my sorrow quell.

*Chorus.*—My valley home, &c.

Oft in my dreams I see my mother,  
 And trace the tear-drop down her cheek—  
 Methinks she says, My child, come hither,  
 Oh ! where shall I my lost one seek !  
 Farewell ! my home, the vision's fleeting,  
 A stranger now I'm forced to roam ;  
 When life is o'er, above I'll meet them,  
 Those dear ones of my valley home.

*Chorus.*—My valley home, &c.

## BELLE OF BALTIMORE.

I've been through Carolina,  
 I've been to Tennessee,  
 I've travelled Mississippi,  
 For Massa set me free.  
 I've kissed the lovely Creole,  
 On Louisiana shore,  
 But I never found a gal to match  
 De blooming Belle of Baltimore.

## CHORUS.

Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty,  
 Eyes so bright and cheeks so rosy,  
 No gal I ever seen before,  
 So sweet as Belle of Baltimore.

My Belle is tall and slender,  
 And sings so very clear,  
 You'd think she was an owl-gale,  
 If once her voice you'd hear.  
 I walked down to her cabin,  
 And I rapped agin de door ;  
 I want to gib my dagatype  
 To my sweet Belle of Baltimore,  
 Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

I found her by the ribber,  
 My errant I did tell,  
 Says she, you gay deceiver,  
 Your tricks I know too well.  
 I seen you kiss another gal  
 'The werry night before—  
 Wid dat she turned upon her heel,  
 And off went Belle of Baltimore:  
 Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

I wrote my lub a letter,  
 And scented it so sweet,  
 De musk, de cloves, de peppermint,  
 Stuck out about a feet.  
 But all my trouble was no use,  
 I neber seen her more—  
 For I squashed de tender 'fections ob  
 My blooming Belle of Baltimore.  
 Oh, boys, Belie's a beauty, &c.

### FARE YOU WELL.

Mark ! my love, O come and listen !  
 The evening gale is sweetly singing,  
 The stars are shining on the river,  
 The moon is in the quiet sky.

*Chorus.*—Come, my love, unto the window,  
 Listen while I play the Juba,  
 Then I'll float away down the river—  
 O ! Fare you well !

Oh ! my dear, O, do come listen,  
 My song upon the night air stealing.  
 Will fill thy heart with sweetest feeling  
 While I sing this melody.

*Chorus.*—Come, my love, &c.

Throw them eyes down on thy lover,  
 From thy blooming rosy bower  
 Give this dark a single flower  
 To thy memory.

*Chorus.*—Come, my love, &c.

The evening star is fast a-waning.  
 The night is dark, the clouds are raining,

Here thy Sambo stands a-waiting—  
 Hurry, my dearest Juliana.

*Chorus.*—Come, my love, &c.

---

CORA LEE

Years have fled since last I saw thee,  
 Standing in thy cottage door,  
 Rinklets bright as golden sunbeams,  
 Floating o'er thy pale young brow,  
 But thy smile is over with me,  
 Though I'll see thee never more,  
 And thy form, ah ! faucey's fair dreams  
 Ne'er can bring one like thou.

CHORUS.

Pale the moon beams fall at even,  
 On the green turf over thee,  
 But thy gentle soul's in heaven,  
 Farewell, lost one, Cora Lee.

Cheeks as red as summer roses,  
 Eyes as blue as summer sky,  
 Now the willow sways its tresses,  
 O'er thy grave, dear Cora Lee,  
 And a heart whose wealth discloses,  
 Love gems sparkling in thine eye,  
 And at eve the dew drop nestles,  
 In the wild flowers o'er thee.

Still thy voice, like music stealing,  
 Lingers round where last we met,  
 And I hear thee when I'm sleeping,  
 Whisper, 'thou can'st ne'er forget.  
 No pale marble gleams above her,  
 Yet how dear that spot to me,  
 Mem'ry wanders to thee ever,  
 "Angel stolen" Cora Lee.

## YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS.

There's a Yellow Rose in Texas that I am going to seek;  
No other darkey knows her, no darkey only me;  
She cried so when I left her it like to broke me heart,  
And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

CHORUS.

She's the sweetest rose of color this darkey ever knew;  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds; they sparkle like the dew  
You may talk about your Dearest Mae, and sing of Rosy  
Lee,  
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Ten-  
nessee.

Where the Rio Grand is flowing, and the starry skies  
are bright,  
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night;  
She thinks, if I remember, when we parted long ago.  
I promised to come back agin, and not leave her so.

CHORUS.

Oh! now I am going to find her, for my heart is full of  
woe;  
And we'll sing the song together that we sung so long  
ago;  
We'll play the banjo gaily, and we'll sing the songs of  
yore,  
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forever-  
more.

What am de reason dat de niggers like to dance?  
Bekase thar legs am so crooked dey can't stand still.

Why are little school children like wafers? Be-  
cause you have to lick them to make them stick to  
the letters.

Why is a weak, verdant person like a certain  
plant? Because he is ever green.

You havn't got it, you wouldn't have it; you don't  
want it, but if you had it, you wouldn't take a thou-  
sand dollars for it. What is it? A bald head.



# CATALOGUE

OF

## SHEET MUSIC

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